

A pleasant new Court Song,

Betweene a yong Courtier, and a Countrey Lasse.

To a new Court Tune.



Vpon a Summers time,
in the middle of the moone,
A bonny Lasse I spide,
the fairest ere was borne,
Fast by a standing Dole,
within a meadow Greene,
She laid her selfe to coole,
not thinking to be seene.

She gathered lowely flowers,
and spent her time in sport:
As if to Cupids bowers
she daily did resort.
The fields afford content
unto this maiden kinde,
Such time, and paines she spent,
to satisfie her minde.

The Cowslip there she croppe,
the Daffadill and Dazie:
The Primrose lookt so trim,
she scorned to be lazie,
And ever as he did,
these pretty posies pull,
She rose and fetcht a sigh,
and wist her appon full.

I hearing of her wifh,
made bold to step unto her:
Thinking her loue to winne,
I thus began to wooe her,
Fairst maide, be not so coy,
to kisse thee I am bent:
O fie, she cryde away,
yet smiling gaue consent.

Then did I helpe to plucke
of every flower that growe,
So herbe nor flower I miss,
but onely Time and Wine,
Both she and I tooke paines
to gather flowers apace,
Untill this maiden said,
kind sir, Ie haue no more.

Yet still my louing heart
did proffer more to pull,
So sir, quoth she, ile part,
because mine appon is full.
So sir, ile take my leave,
till next we meet againe:
He wards me with a kisse,
and thanks me for my paine.

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The Second part.

To the same Tune.



I was my chance of late,
to walke the pleasant helde:
Where sweet tun'd chirping birds,
harmonious musike peeble.
I lent a listening eare
unto their musike rare:
At last mine eye did glance
upon a Damsell faire.

I slept me close aslee,
under a Hawthorne hyper:
Her passions laid her downe,
o're-rul'd with fond desire.
Alacke fond maide she cryde,
and straight fell a weeping,
Why sufferest thou thy heart,
within a false ones keeping?

Wherefore is Venus Queene,
whom maids adore in mind,
Obdurate to our prayers,
or like her fondling blinde:
When we doe spend our loves,
whose fond expence is vaine:
For men are growne so false,
they cannot love againe.

The Queene of love doth know,
best how the matter stonds,

And Hyppen knowes, I long
to come within her hands.
My love best knowes my love,
and love repaires with hate,
Was ever virgins love,
so much unfortunate?

Did my love fickle prove
then had he cause to fyre:
But fye he iudg'd by love,
I lov'd him constantly.
I hearing of her bowes,
set bashfulnesse a part,
And striu'd with all my skill,
to cheere this maidens heart.

I did instruct her love,
where love might be repaid:
Could I, quoth she, find love,
I were an happy maide.
I straight in love replide,
in me thou Love shalt finde
So made the bargaine sure,
and eas'd the maidens minde.

FINIS.

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